

An ACCOUNT from
FLANDERS,
OF THE
Strange and Wonderful finding out
A T
NAMUR,

The Body of an Ancient MONK,
(whole and uncorrupt in a Vault) who had
layn Buried there above 500 Years.

With an Account of a Prophecy accidentally
found in the said Vault, plainly foretelling the speedy Subver-
sion of the *French* Monarchy, by the Confederate Forces.

Licensed according to Order.

THE *French* having, under the Favour of the Rains and bad Weather, for the most part of *April* and *June* 92, become Masters of the City of *Namur*; they took Possession thereof about the middle of *June*, in fewer days than they themselves did expect, or we did believe; and when the Castles was preparing for their Defence against a powerful victorious Army: We thought, that a Place of that strength in its self, and of that consequence to the King of *Spain* in the Keeping, as well as to all the *Confederates*, would have held the Enemy tack for almost, if not quite as many Months, as in the Proof it did Weeks; for by the ancient Constitution of the Government of the Place, it was ordered constantly, that the Castle should at all times have sufficient Stores of Ammunition and Provision for three Months, for Eight or Nine Thousand Men; by which appear'd the Neglect, I will not say the Treachery of the Go-

A

vernour

vernour of the said Castle, in that he should oblige the Garrison in less than three Weeks to Capitulate for want of Provisions and Stores, when he had been by right to have provided for them sufficient for three Months, and over and above; that if he saw before the taking of the Town, that he was so slenderly prepar'd, that he should accommodate himself and Garrison upon the first hint from the Town; but as I said, partly by Neglect or Treachery, and partly by Fear and Force, the *French* became Masters of the Castle too about the last of *June*, or first of *July*. The Garrison were hardly well march'd out of the Town and Castle, but the *French*, like provident Warriors, began to look about them; some to view the remainder of the Stores, the Amunition and Provision, others to survey the Breaches, Ruines, and Demolishments made by the Force of the Bombs and Thundering Cannons; and here presently Orders were given, to repair, and put into a Posture of Defence, all the most important places of the Town, that had been ruinated in the Siege; and in such an hurry and combustion no one could provide for the Safety or Security even of the most Sacred Things, so you should daily see the Souldiers and Pioneers, as they were digging up and removing the Rubbish here and there, some would toss up an holy Relick or two, others the Image of a Saint or so, others some Fragments of holy Vestments, others some scattered pieces of Plate and Money, till at last they would approach even to the Graves and Vaults of their holy and great Men, some of which had layn perhaps undiscovered for Ages; here, as they were digging, they happened upon a Vault that was very deep, and that went under a Monastery that belong'd to the Order of *Sr. Benedict*, and some of them, either out of curiosity, or covetousness, would needs force a Passage into the same; where, after a small search, and the gain of a few *Peter-Pence*, and some other small trifling Treasures, they light upon a large stone Chest, not made in the Fashion of a Coffin, but square, and of the Length and Breadth of a proper Man; it had a cover that left not the least Chink or Passage for the smallest Worm to creep in, and seem'd to press into the same with a sort of Ledge upon tryal, they soon found it moveable, and opening of it at last, they soon discovered the Body of a Grey Ancient Man, in the Habit of his Order, and to Appearance entire and perfect; his Flesh that was visible, *viz.* his Face, and part of his Hands, seem'd as fresh as if he had just departed; there lay by him a Book or two entire and whole, and one upon his Breast open, by which they could perceive it *Spanish*, and treating of the Service of their Religion: Some of them out of a vain Curiosity, would needs touch both the Flesh and the Books, which part so touch'd immediately fell to Ashes: on one side lay a small Coffer or Box, which

which being without a Cover, they soon discovered two or three small Pieces of *Spanish Silver*: Thus, having view'd all Parts within, they began to make Remarks on the Shape, Fashion, and Workmanship of the *Tomb*: And *First*, at the Head of the *Tomb*, they observed some kind of Embossed-or Carved-Work, which curiously examined (though Time's Iron Teeth had made a little Bold with it) they plainly discovered some Marine Trophies, as *Rudders*, *Anchors*, and the like, not in the manner of our Modern Trophies, as Regular *Insignia*, or *Regalia*, but on the contrary all shatter'd and broken, under (as it were) some Infamy or Disgrace, with some Fragments of *Masts* and *Hulks* of *Vessels*, and altogether expressing some Naval Ruines.

Over this Sculp-work was delineated 3 *Flower-de-Luces*, not in the order of those in the *French Arms*, but inverted, *viz.* with their Heads downwards, and over all these was very elaborately Carved a Figure exactly imitating our Cypher, *W* and *M* entwisted, bearing three Crowns Imperial: The Carved Work on the right side of the *Tomb* was a little of a Piece with this Front-work of it, for here it represented a troubled Sea, in one part of which sat a *Neptune* in his Sea Chariot with his *Trident* in his Hand, with a large *Esfurcheon* behind his Seat, bearing a modern *Belgick Lyon*, whilst at some Distance from him lay a large *Dolphin*, suppos'd by the Violence of the Stormy Sea to have been cast on Shore, and there languishing and gasping for Life.

On the other side of the *Tomb*, were carved several dismounted Cannon, with their Carriages, &c. shattered and broken, with the Image of a *Victoria*, and on her Shield a large *Louidore* with this Motto, *Ratio ultima Gallie.*

At the Feet of the *Tomb* was carved a *Deluge Piece* with the Ark resting upon a Mountain, in imitation of the Scriptural Description, with a Dove flying towards the Ark with the Olive-Branch in her Bill; and what was most of all Remarkable, over the Ark was written *Europa*, and over the Dove *Britania*.

After they had sufficiently with no small Curiosity Survey'd and Discanted upon this surprizing Discovery, to compleat their Wonder, by turning over the Cover of the *Tomb*, they perceiv'd in the middle a pretty large Plate of Copper, or some other Metal, inserted or plastered as it were into a hollowed place of the Stone, with an Inscription partly *Latin*, partly *Spanish*, and partly *German* or *High-Dutch*; Time had worn out some of the Words, by which some Sentences could not be made out by a natural Guess and Connexion with the foregoing and following Words; but that they might be more generally understood, it was thought fitter to have them translated into *English*: Which are as follows,

MCLXXX.

When Ninety Four shall fully come,
 (The Crisis of all Christendom)
 Then Tyrants all beware your Doom:
 He that is Cruel, Fierce, and Fell,
 And boasts himself * Invincible,
 To the poorest Vermin now shall not be † Terrible.
 The brightest Glories of the * Sun,
 In † Storms, and Showers, are set and gone:
 The * Lions Roaring in his Ears
 Shall fill his Breast with dreadful Fears:
 But now alas! he ends his Cares.
 The Wanton † Lillies of the Vale,
 Shall now resume their Native Pale,
 No more be deck'd in monstrous Red,
 But shrink their blushing, guilty Head.

* Lewis the 14th. assumes
 that proud Title to himself.

† Hinting that his Death
 shall about this Time befall.

* The Sun is Crest of the
 French Arms.

† Shall fall in War and Tumult.

* The Lion is great Part
 of the English and Dutch
 Arms.

† The Lilly or Flower de
 Luce are the Arms of France,
 and are of a pale White Colour.

* By which is meant the
 French King and his Army
 stain'd with the Blood of so
 many Thousands of Inno-
 cent People.

And in another Place was writ in Latin by it self,

Oh Ludovice! cave, cave,
 Non amplius Terrore, magne,
 Fata jam decernunt bene.
 Actum est de te, Jacobe,
 Gaudet Orbis; eugè! eugè!

In English thus,

No longer, Lewis, shalt thou boast
 Thy Greatness at thy Subject's Cost;
 Secure they stand from Thee and Fear;
 And Lewis now thy self beware.
 The Destinies do well Decree,
 There's now an end of James and Thee;
 And this the World is glad to see.

